## THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

The Morals of Pinkana Blue Hair Lady Duff-Gordon Discusses Her New Colored Wigs for Women, Explaining That Hair Has Become Simply to the second objection is the same that seience gives its questioners This Dinner Science is not concerned with who uses, or to what uses are put, its discoveries. So the discoveries of fashion—even to that of coloring the hair, Gown of Blue or wearing a dyed wig.

As for the first—there are still races which carefully hide away nail Charmeuse With Sapphire parings and hair combings because they fear that some one, getting hold Bordered of them, will use them as a spell against the original owner. Even in civilized England, France, Amer-ica, you still find this belief. It is Girdle Was Improved part of the idea that what we may call detachable parts of the body Greatly, Says carry with them identity. And in the thought that the hair, because Lady Duffwe came to earth with it, must be kept the same as it grew and grows, Gordon. we have a reflection of the same When the As it stands to-day there isn't even the excuse that the hair is nec-Owner essary to us to justify the feeling that it is "immoral" to do anything Sprinkled we like with it. Our hair now is simply and frankly an ornament. Her Hair If one, for instance, decided that she wanted to have her head shaved, Thickly would it be thought immoral if she did so? Decidedly not. Absurd, per-haps, but not immoral. Why then should it be thought immoral to put on more hair, or to change the color with Blue Powder. the colors and kinds of the artificial A Blue of that already on? There are always a vast number of folk who feel more or less ocutely that all beauty is of the evil one, Wig Was Afterward that one can't be gay without being wicked and that the only proper vo-Used cation of mankind is to mourn. These folk have even tinctured the minds of the normal with a shade of their apprehension. Consequently cutting Same off the hair raises no question of morality because it makes one ugly,

> be looked upon with suspicion. And how utterly unintelligent is I think it is immoral not to make oneself as beautiful as one can, Things as they are aren't so sacred we musn't try to better them. If mankind had thought that, it never would have progressed. Man's fight has been against Nature throughout. Nature makes the desert and plan fights her and, with his irrigation, turns the desert into a garden. If you think tinting one's hair pink or blue is very far off from reclaim-

and anything ugly can't possibly of Satan. But because changing the

color of one's hair can be done for no other reason than to make one

more attractive, it must necessarily

ing a desert you're wrong.

My discovery came about this way. I made a dress. It was for a very beautiful dark Parisienne. It was a very beautiful dress. The girl tried it on and was delighted. I was not. It was more beautiful off her than on-and that should not be. What was the trouble? Its colors were harmonious, vibrant, living, but on her there came a slowing of the vibrant quality, a dulling. Suddenly I knew what it was. It was her hair, Her hair was a peculiarly deep black, more brooding than alive-you will understand me. I touched it with a blue powder and gave it here and there the flash you get in the wing of the bluebird. And lo! At once the dress grew more alive, more vibrant than it had been when she had not worn it. It was just that note that it needed. It tuned it up, accelerated it, gave it the proper pitch-completed both dress and

And then I tried other dresses and may call the extremely declasse take And then I tried other dresses and up anything of the sort. The answer other hair colors with my models.

showed them to Paris and Paris was enthusiastic. Not because it was something new, but because it was something true. There are dresses which, to bring out their full beauty, demand that the hair be a soft pink, others a deep blue, even a delicate shade of green. And when this is done the woman, and dress become

an Ornament

touch with that centre of fashion,

newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

ADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this neswpaper, presenting all that is

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close

That is why the hair is colored. Of course, all dresses do not need it, nor would it be good taste for a woman to go anywhere and everywhere so tinted. Discretion is nec-essary in this as well as in all of fashion. One would not, for instance, walk down Fifth avenue in a negligee, even though there is nothing improper in itself in any negligee.

Our great-grandmothers used to powder their hair and no one thought that immoral. And they wore wigs

But one should satisfy oneself as thoroughly that the powder used is harmless as one does with the unguents one uses on the skin. A wig is far better and they are being made now in the most delightful shades. And certainly there's no reason for

skins we do wear. If there's any immorality in colored hair what abandoned sinners we are with our silks and satins and embroideries. If we're to stick through thick and thin to the natural color of our hair, why shouldn't we stick to the natural color of skin-and hide no more than necessary? So far as comfort and necessity go we could do easily with one-tenth the clothes we wear-few as they are now. There isn't the



Even the Bathing Costumes Being Made for Southern Wear Are Chosen with a View to Whether Wigs of That Shade Are Becomining to the Wearer. Two "Lucile" Models of Palm Beach. (And Above) Another of the Brilliantly Colored Dresses of Spring.

How to Remould Your Face O you know that you can re-

or blue. "It was at a very delightful

ball at which quite three hundred ladies were wigs of blue and mauve.

myself wore a blue wig. I asked

return, "Is it moral to wear

"Oh, my dear," she said, "clothes

are what morality rests upon."
Then I said: "If it is moral to

wear clothing, it is equally moral to

wear one's hair any color one wishes;

but if it is not moral to wear clothes,

then it is very immoral to tint our

tresses or wear colored wigs."

There are two reasons, I think, for

superstition that the owner of a body

can be made to suffer by any one who gets hold of an unattached part

of that body. And the other is the

eagerness with which those

prejudice against coloring the

One is an echo of the ancient

commented on the weather, and di-'Je ne comprend pas,' said I with

an inward chuckle, thinking his volubility would be checked. In very good French he started in efresh. I looked at him as if be-wildered and then interrupted him by Was Sugen Ster

Gown

with

Still

Better

Effect.

Lady

**Duff-Gordon** 

("Lucile")

UITE recently I interested

ing shades of pink, blue, purple and green hair. Since then my idea has

seen taken up by many fashionable

ladies, while at least one cutouriers has paid me the compliment that lies

in imitation and has even, I under-

stand, gone to the length of claiming

parentage of the mode. Not that I mind that in the least; I do like to

But only last night a dear old Eng-

"It was moral to wear one's hair pink

Deceivers Ever.

"What an awful time you take to

Milared turned from the mirror with the willness of former ances-

get ready, Mildred! I wonder your

"Now, look here, my dear girl," she

said. 'you're going to be married, so i'll tell you a secret. My husband's never quarrelled with me for being

You surprise me, for look at the

time you take! Jack would be hor-ribly annoyed."
"It's like this. When he fells me

to hurry I say "All right, dear. Get your hat and stick, and I'll be with

"You see, I previously hide them both, and when I go down and had them for him it is he that has to spologize for keeping me waiting?"

In the Barber's Chair. '

"No sooner was I seated in the

chair," began Jones. "than the barber

Well?

husband doesn't object to waiting."

see my inspirations bear fruit.

Paris by showing some of my

prettiest models with charm-

"He began to repeat in German all that he had been saying, when I shu! him off with.
"On talk to me with your fingers. I'm deaf and dumb!"

finer and better. Not easy, I admit, it a fine art, works with, never but possible. Hope, faith and per-aistence will perform the apparent guides of the hands as a pilot guides

But you must first study your profile with the aid of a cheval glass, or if you are not so fortunate as to possess one, then with a hand mir-Scrutinize it as coldly as you would that of a person whom you are prepared to dislike. What this cold scrutiny is most

apt to reveal is a looseness or bagginess of the facial muscles, denoted by a heaviness and looseness of the muscles about the chin

cise the right of free speech will "You are growing old and fat,"

The masseur or masseuse who understands his or her art, making of

ship. Such experts can literally lift the face by training the failen cheek muscles upward. You cannot do this well yourself.

But you can employ two substi-You can imprison those muscles at night and prevent their slipping any further by tying them up with a piece of soft rubber, by an elastic band or by a fold of muslin two or three inches wide. Pin them or tie them not too tightly at the crown of the head, tightly enough to keep the band in place, but not so tightly as to impede circulation, so causing headache and injury to the scalp and so to the hair. Comfort

will be the criterion. Does your hand mirror reveal that your nose is broadening? That is almost inevitable when you have passed twenty-five. The nose must coaxed away from this tendency. The tendency must be counteracted by gentle pinchings toward the tip of the rose every night and at moments

Mrs. Jordan had "ideas" on the way children should be reared. Her young hopeful, Tommy, caused her a little anxiety in this respect. Now and again, therefore, a serious "polite-ness" lecture was administered. "Now, Tommy, dear," she started, supposing you accidentally stepped upon a gentleman's foot, what would

"I would say, 'Beg your pardon.'"
"That's my own little son!" smile!
the pleased mother. "And if the gentleman gave you a penny for your politeness what would you do?"

The lunceent look passed from Tommy's eyes as he quickly an-

Why, I would stand on the other foot and say, 'Beg pardon' again, of

Wonder What He Got.

"Sure, Casey was a doe fellow."
"He was that, a fine fellow, Casey."
"And a cheerful man." "A cheerful man was Casey-the

"Casey was a generous man, toc."
"Generous, you say, Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Casey "Generous, you say. Well. I don': husband answered reassuringly.

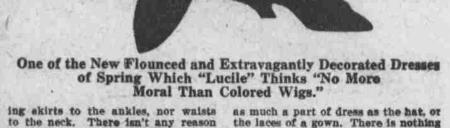
"But I am choking to death, wailed dispersed he said with some aspersive buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly One day he came into Plaherty's bar room, where me and my friends were drinking, and he said to us: "Well, men, what are band "It does not intend to burn."

"Burn" exclaimed Pardita's hus. forum that I don't want to experience been used for such a long time," he replied.

After the kindly neighbors had dispersed he said with some asperity. "I hope you have had enough into Plaherty's bar room, where me and give it a chance to burn."

"Burn" exclaimed Pardita's hus. forum that I don't want to experience band. "It does not intend to burn. It anything more public than a steam only means to smoke. Nobody need radiator."



for either shoes or stockings a good either moral or immoral about it or what we do with it. It's just hair, The hair is only an ornament. It is

## The Soul of the House

ON'T care what else there is in tell me that where there's smoke these the house if only it has a big must be and open fireplace," said Perdita "Good evening," said the voice of to her young husband, when he re- some one hidden in the smoke, turned from that most discouraging of "Having some trouble with your firehunts, the hunt for a simple cottage on place? We thought at first that the the North Shore, house was on fire, but we might have

"Well," said Perdita's husband, "I known it was just the open fire of think I have found one that will fill logs, for we have had trouble of our the bill. It's a little shack tucked away own on that score." in the woods, and it has only four "Your trees are too high," put in rooms, but one of these is an enormous then another kind, neighborly voice living room with a fireplace at one end which came out of the amoke. "Just big enough to hold all the logs that chop down a few of the highest trees have ever blazed in your favorite Eng-

all right." "We'll take it," declared Perdita. voice. "All that you need is a hood over the front of the fireplace. That "Then when the frosty evenings come we'll do as Keats advises, 'sit us by the ingle bright and ever let the fancy out into the room." "It certainly puffs enough ac ... gasped Perdita. "I think I'll open

"I believe," said Perdita's husband, "that the next fine in the poem is to the effect that 'pleasure never is at

"Well, there will be nothing but pleas-

ure in a home that boasts of a fire-place," declared Perita. "Who was it said that an open fire is the soul of the house?" "I don't know." replied her-husband.

"However, I shall as soon as you look

VERY SNEG.

GOODBY, SOUL. It was not long before they were Just then Perdita's husband rose anugly established in their woodland from his knees before the grate, home, and of course the anticipated frosty evening arrived in due time. It closely resembled a charred human was an exciting mement for Ferdita body, though it was only a smolder-when the match was applied to the lng log.

heap of sticks and twigs which Per— What are you going to do?" dita's husband had gathered. The two gasped Perdita, as her husband cottagers drew up their chairs and pre-rushed past her to the door which a

pared for peaceful meditation of the friendly hand opened for him, approved kind. He deposited his burden on the

een used for such a long time." her

bearing in his arms an object which closely resembled a charred human

and the draft in your chimney will be

the windows."

"Nonsense!" declared the first

"Oh, don't do 'hat," advised the friendly neighbor. "There's a down

draft now and that will make it

that you can buy," another smoke clogged voice was heard to say.

smoking chimneys. I'll find out the

There's a certain kind of damper

"How it smokes!" said Perdits, pres- lawn and returned in time to an-itiy. "That's because the firep'ace hasn't just disposed of the soul of the shand answered reassurings." her house," he replied.

house," he repl ed. After the kindly neighbors had





My Secrets of Beauty--By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

mould your face? If you study it in silhouette and see that your cheek muscles have alipped away from or are tugging at their moorings, in a word have become flabby. If there is not from the end of the jaw the fine, clean sweep toward the middle point that gives more than a hint of the bony foundation of your charming chin. If your nose is growing wider where the nostrils meet the cheeks. If your lips are hardening into a straight, inflexible line. If your ears stand out a little too prominently from your head. If any or all of these undesirable conditions exist, don't accept them as hopeless. Don't practice resignation, which is, after all, a weak and negative virtue usupracticad when there is no need of it and neglected when it is re

It is quite possible to remould the

face so that its contour will be much

"Look out for jowis!" adjured a beauty specialist whose speech was less elegant than his parlors and as extreme as his prices. "Your face is getting baggy around the chin," your husband or friends who exer-

your mirror fibs to you.

It is time to set to work on that contour to improve it-high time.

when you can give it a surreptitious pinch during the day. Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. Great Britain Lights Reserved.